Forgetting never works

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Forgetting never works

by HeadFullOfAliens

Summary

Post Digestivo. Canon Divergence.

After Will bids Hannibal goodbye, he feels broken, lonely. He tries to forget his not-ex by trying online dating. He stumbles upon a criminal who could be Hannibal's twin.
Nigel himself is trying to forget Adam, a sweet boy he met when he arrived to the US.
Hannibal is also trying to forget Will, and he meets a boy with a mind almost as interesting as Will's.
Adam is just confused.

And trying to forget never works.

This is a mess.

Notes

Hi!

I got this idea months ago, and I finally decided to write it.
I wanted to explore the dynamics between these characters, how I think they would work were they dating each other (Hannibal/Adam, and Will/Nigel).

This first chapter is told by Will's POV. Next ones will have different POVs, from all four characters.

Enjoy. :)

Will

It wasn't quite clear to Will how all this had started.

He had probably thought something along the lines of needing to get out of his solitude. It seemed like a good idea, at the time. Seemed like the reasonable thing to do. So signing up to an online dating site wasn't that hard, and he actually enjoyed himself a bit while browsing through the endless faces of potential partners.

He took his time reading, trying to figure out if it was worth talking to them. Most of the time, he would end up telling himself none of them would stand him. He wouldn't be able to stand them, either. He had even tried to not make his profile too noticeable, only uploading a pic of Winston next to his own leg.

So he was definitely surprised when someone talked to him. He figured, having written *"I used to date a cannibal"* as a bad joke in his profile, no one would bother talking to him.

He was even more surprised when the only thing sent to him was a rough question.

"Have you ever dated a fuckin gangster, though?"

He didn't reply until three days had passed.

"No, I haven't."

And somehow, he had ended up agreeing to meet the strange man after just a week of talking. He didn't know much about him despite the fact that he swore a lot and made strange jokes about being a criminal, and called him darling. Like he was some fucking kind of *schoolgirl*.

At least it was about as far as he could go from dating a guy who despised rude people.

*

Standing outside the café where they'd agreed to meet, he thought about turning around and running back home. The glimpse of long, silvery hair, stopped him.

He didn't really know how the man looked; he hadn't asked for a picture. Felt like the description (Long, silver hair. Tan skin, about six feet tall. *"I look like sex on legs, darling,"*, he had said too) was more than enough to identify the guy.

Taking in a deep breath, he ventured inside the café, walking towards the table occupied by the other man.

"Hey, are you…? Uh, I'm – I'm Will," he tried, scratching his neck awkwardly, looking to the coffee cup in front of the man like it was the most interesting thing in the world.

"Oh, hello there, darling," the man said, offering him a smile Will wished he hadn't looked up at.

If Will wanted to date someone completely different from his ex, he thought, this was as far as he was getting.

The man in front of him held a worriless smile, holding a cigarette between his teeth, unkempt hair falling a bit over his eyes. He sat in a dishevelled way, legs spread along with his arms, taking all the possible space. And he was wearing a shirt with dogs in it. Fucking *dogs*. Wieners, on top of it.

He couldn't be closer to dating someone just like his ex, though. The guy could be Hannibal's fucking twin.

He had the same fucking glass-cutting cheekbones, the same eyes, same pointed teeth. He sounded the same, too. The accent was almost too similar, just slightly different.

Fuck.

"Anything wrong, sweetie?"

Will almost winced at the nickname. It sounded like Hannibal was calling him that, which caused his stomach to turn in disgust.

He shook his head. "No, just…" he scolded himself for being so awkward. "Nothing," he sat in front of the man. "I don't know your name," was all he could think to say.

"The name's Nigel, love. Thought I had fucking told you already."

Perhaps he had, but Will couldn't think straight at the moment, let alone remember anything other than how to breathe. He was debating between running the fuck away or staying and trying to convince himself that the man in front of him was nothing like Hannibal.

Which he wasn't, but the resemblance didn't help.

"Yeah, sorry. It's not… that common of a name," he muttered, clutching his shoulders together. Nigel let out a low chuckle.

They fell into a comfortable silence. Will didn't want, nor knew, how to break it, and the man in front of him didn't seem bothered by it.

He scratched his stubble, still not able to look at the man's face, settling instead for analysing the dog pattern in his shirt.

"So you dated a fucking cannibal."

It didn't sound like a question, and Will wasn't sure whether he should answer it.

"It was a joke," he answered, finally.

"And here I thought you'd be someone fuckin' hard to shatter," Nigel replied. "Your little ass would probably break if you tried to date an actual criminal," he added, throwing the excess of ash in an ashtray next to his coffee. Will remembered he hadn't ordered anything yet.

“I’ve had my fair share of criminals,” he simply answered, not quite sure of what he meant by that.

“Hm,” the man seemed to weight on the answer. “So you’re telling me you wouldn’t run right now if I told you I’ve killed at least fifteen men throughout my life.”

Will almost chuckled at that. “You must’ve had your reasons,” he shrugged. “It’s not like I’m a saint, either.”

“Fuck me, you actually seem like a nice guy,” Nigel said, chuckling. “Still not sure whether I want to date you or just fuck you, though.”

Will swallowed. He settled for changing the subject, his face feeling hot. “So you like dogs?”

“Dogs are the only good thing in this fucking piece of shit that’s life.”

Will’s eye shone at the reply. And so they talked about dogs.

*

“Well, what’s your fucking story, then?” Nigel asked him, leaning against the railing of the bridge they were standing in.

They had been walking for about half an hour now, just wandering around after deciding the coffee there wasn’t good enough. They stood in a bridge for a moment, admiring the sunset. Will liked it, but he wasn’t so sure Nigel was the kind of guy that would admire the sky.

“What do you mean?” he replied, lost in the sight of the setting sun. The sky was painted with purple and reddish shadows the closer it got to the Sun.

“You’re on a fucking dating website,” Nigel replied, chuckling. “There must be a fucking reason. You don’t just go there to date. You go there when some shit has happened and you can’t date actual people.”

Will shrugged. “I guess,” he replied, tone vague. He didn’t want to tell Nigel anything of what had happened. If possible, he wanted to never remember it.

How would he tell him, anyway? It hadn’t even been official.

I was chasing a cannibalistic serial killer all around Europe; we had some nice, romantic moments. We got kidnapped by a crazy guy with no face, but he rescued us. I loved him, and he loved me, but I just couldn’t keep up with his mind. Nigel would probably laugh at him if he said that. Or kick him. Or look weirded out, and just run away.

“I just met some strange people,” he settled for answering. “You know, the ‘typical’ way. I thought maybe I could get to know some normal people if I tried online dating.”

“That sounds fucking stupid,” Nigel replied instantly. “You’ve just met another weirdo, then,” he laughed. “Completely useless method.”

“I had to try,” Will argued. “What about your story?”

Will didn’t really need to ask; Nigel’s story was all over his face. Will knew he wasn’t lying when he said he was a criminal. Probably European. On the run. Someone was trying to kill him back at his country.

“An ungrateful bitch,” Nigel muttered, suddenly throwing the cigarette he was smoking away. “I loved her so fucking much, but she left me for some fucking kid,” he snorted. “Then, I came here, for… reasons,” he made a vague gesture with his hand “And I met someone. But I decided I didn’t want to get him into my lifestyle. I didn’t want to ruin him. He was too… pure.”

“So you decided to ruin a stranger instead.”

“Fucking right,” he chuckled. “Then I found a guy who made cannibalism jokes. So I thought, this must be my chance. You know, someone I can actually share the shit I do with.”

“But what do you mean by that?” Will asked. “You mean you want me to go killing with you, or you just want to tell me about how you shot some disloyal guy?”

“I mean I just want to be fucking true to myself while I’m with someone,” Nigel replied. “I don’t want to pretend I’m some nice guy. I’m fucking not.”

Will hummed, thoughtful. “You don't want to feel like you’re corrupting your partner,” he concluded.

“Something like that, I guess you could say,” Nigel nodded. He turned towards Will. “So are you up for it?”

“Yeah,” he smiled. “Just as long as you don’t try to manipulate me.”

“That’s not my style, darling,” and then, Nigel’s hands were on Will’s hips, reassuring.

“Sounds good to me, then,” he nodded, closing his eyes when Nigel leaned in to kiss him.

He couldn’t avoid but think it was as if he was kissing Hannibal. *We never kissed*, he thought sadly, as Nigel bit his lower lip roughly. *This is nothing like that*, Will tried to convince himself.

He knew he was fucked, nonetheless.

Adam

Chapter Summary

Adam meets Doctor Lecter.

Chapter Notes

Adam's POV

Enjoy! :)

His job at the Observatory was treating him well enough, Adam had to admit. People weren't too nosy, and he got to talk all he wanted about Saturn and his favourite constellations. And, most importantly, he was being productive.

He was surprised when one of his co-workers, Matt, phoned him while he was already going home.

"Yes?"

"Adam?" Matt's voice seemed too loud, almost like he was screaming into Adam's ear. In a sense, he was. He got the phone just a bit away from him. *"I forgot I wanted to tell you something! Can you come back to my office just a sec?"*

Adam nodded.

"Adam?"

"Oh," he frowned. "Uh, sure. Yes, I'll – I'll be there in a moment."

He hesitated for two seconds before hanging. Then, he hesitated for another two seconds before turning around and walking back to the Observatory, towards Matt's office.

Matt was a nice guy. Adam hadn't asked what his job was, exactly, but he'd seen him giving guided tours around the Observatory from time to time. He was always kind to him, carefully explaining him anything he didn't understand. It felt like a fair replace for Beth, although Adam wasn't so sure what Matt wanted in exchange. He knew Matt had a girlfriend, because he'd told him so once. Maybe he wanted help, and that's why he was calling him now, Adam concluded.

He stood next to Matt's desk until the man noticed him. "Oh, hey! Didn't hear you coming," he smiled.

"Did you need something?"

"Oh, yeah," he scratched his head. "Well, not quite. I actually wanted to suggest you something."

Adam was afraid, for a second, that he would ask him out. He didn't want to repeat what had happened with Beth. He gulped before nodding.

"This," he searched for something in his pockets. "I'm sure I put it somewhere around here…" Matt muttered, looking around his desk, under a pile of papers, until he found what he was looking for. He handed a card to Adam.

"Doctor Lloyd Wyman," Adam read. "I'm not ill. Well, I thought I was, because I woke up feeling weak a couple of days ago. Last Tuesday, exactly. But I checked my temperature, and it wasn't –"

"He's a therapist," Matt interrupted him. "I thought you could get an appointment with him. I think he's new around here, but everyone says he's goddamn good."

"What for?"

"It could help you, uh…" Matt made vague gestures with his hands. Adam looked at him, confused. "I don't know. Just think about it, yeah? You can call me later, once you've thought about it, and I'll get you the appointment."

Adam nodded slowly. "Okay. I'll think about it."

*

"Harlan?"

"Hello there, kid!" Harlan laughed. *"You haven't called me in weeks! What's up, buddy? Met somebody new? Want some advice?"*

"I'm sorry I haven't called," Adam apologized. "I didn't schedule it, so I forgot about it. And no, I haven't met anybody new."

"Then what is it?" Harlan asked, tone strange. *"You're worrying me, kiddo. Better explain now."*

"Oh, it's nothing serious. I'm not ill," he felt odd, repeating the same thing twice the same day. "I just wanted your advice on something," he waited for a bit, and when he got no answer, he continued. "Matt told me I should go to a therapist."

"Matt?"

"He's a co-worker."

"Oh! Why?"

Adam shrugged. Then, he remembered Harlan couldn't see him. "I don't know. He thought it would be a good idea. He said he would get me an appointment if I thought about it. He also said this doctor was goddamn good."

Harlan chuckled. *"Well… I don't know. It could be good for you, you know? I don't want you to get depressed over Beth, or over… Being on your own, over there. You're doing well, I'm sure, but you still might want to talk about another issues with someone."*

"But I can talk to you."

"Of course you can, but I can only give you so much advice about something," he heard Harlan sigh. *"Look, this could help you,"* he said. *"You should just try it, at least once."*

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Just talk!" Harlan replied, chuckling. *"About anything."*

"Do I have to pay someone to talk about Cassiopeia?" he frowned. "I could talk about it to Matt."

"I don't mean…" he sighed. *"I mean, you could tell this doctor everything you don't understand. I don't know, tell him about any issue you've had in the past month. I'm sure he'd help you get some stuff you don't get."*

"Okay," Adam sighed. "I'll call Matt."

"Good luck. Take care, Adam."

"You too," he hung up. Hesitating for two seconds, he called Matt. "Yes."

"Sorry, what?"

"The appointment."

"*"Oh, right! Adam! Sorry, I didn't check to see who was calling,"* he laughed. *"Okay, okay, I'll get you the appointment."*

"Okay."

Silence. Adam wasn't sure whether he should hang now.

"Well…" he heard Matt whisper, so he decided not to hang. *"Actually, I have to confess something,"* he laughed again. *"I made the appointment already. I figured, if you decided you didn't want to go, then I'd go."*

"Oh."

"It's, uh… It's tomorrow, actually. At 7 pm."

“Oh? But I have to do my laundry then.”

"Well, you can just do your laundry after your session."

“I can’t. I have to shower then.”

"Why don’t you shower before the appointment?"

“At six, I have to clean my living room.”

Matt sighed. *"Just… I know you’ll figure something out. Good luck!"*

Adam was startled for a moment by the sudden silence. He put his phone back in his pocket, slowly, trying to process what had just happened.

He would have to move laundry day to the day after tomorrow. But that would mean he would have to wear something other than his Saturday outfit, next Saturday. He didn’t want to.

He sighed. *It’s only tomorrow*, he said to himself.

*

Outside of the address the card had printed on it, Adam couldn’t help but walk right to left and left to right before deciding what to do. He didn’t know what he was supposed to do. What would he even talk about? Why was he there?

He started panicking, his breath getting caught on his throat. He pulled at the collar of his shirt, and decided to walk away.

Too many faces, too many people were around him. He found refuge at a small café, almost empty. He sat in a table at a corner of the small place, crossing his arms over his chest. He looked outside through the window next to him, trying to calm his breath.

“Are you okay?” a voice asked him. He shook his head no, clutching his shoulders together. He felt the man sitting in front of him. “Are you having a panic attack?”

“I think I am,” he replied, his voice just a little bit shaky. “My breathing is irregular, and I’m starting to sweat. I – I don’t know what to do.”

“Perhaps talking will calm you down. What’s your name?”

“Adam,” he doubted for a second. “What’s yours?”

He looked at the man in front of him, and wanted to reply he already knew. His face was unmistakeable, and anyway, the man didn’t seem like he was answering any time soon.

“Nigel,” Adam whispered, recognizing his old neighbour even with his hair being shorter. He never thought that the man who swore a lot would be the kind to wear plaid suits, nor the kind to frown at his own name. He realized the man in front of him talked way too formal to

be the dishevelled man he had met. “You’re not him. Sorry, you look a lot like someone I knew.”

“And who was that?”

“A neighbour,” Adam replied. “He lived in the same building as me. But he went away after a month. He was nice. He listened to me when I talked about the Universe, although I’m sure he didn’t understand much. He always seemed interested, though,” he paused for a second, looking down towards the table. “Not that I would have known if he was.”

“Why not?”

“Mind-blindness,” he replied. “It’s a cognitive disorder. I can’t tell what other people are feeling.”

“Pardon my intromission,” the man said, “but are you on the spectrum?”

Adam nodded. “I have Asperger’s syndrome,” he saw the man nod. “You didn’t tell me your name.”

The man hesitated for a second before smiling slightly. “My apologies. I am Doctor Lecter.”

“Oh. Hello, Doctor Lecter,” Adam returned the smile. He liked the way the doctor’s eyes wrinkled when he smiled. “Your name sounds familiar.”

“Does it?”

Adam nodded. “I knew someone with the same last name,” he remembered. “Well, I didn’t know him, but I heard of him.”

“What did you hear?”

“I wasn’t paying attention. A cousin visited me, and he said the name over the phone. He was saying goodbye. It was a long time ago. I haven’t seen my cousin in about three years, now.”

“I see,” Doctor Lecter nodded. “Are you feeling better now?”

Adam uncrossed his arms from his chest, placing them over his knees. He looked down at his hands, noticing his breathing was normal now. “Yes. Thank you.”

The doctor smiled, and his eyes wrinkled the way Adam liked. It reminded him of his old neighbour. He missed him.

“What were you doing, when you had the panic attack?”

“I was about to go in there,” Adam pointed to a building just a block away, visible from where they were now. “I had an appointment, but I got nervous.”

“With Doctor Wyman, I presume.”

“Exactly. How do you know?”

“He was a colleague of mine,” the doctor explained. “I apologize on his behalf. He should have called you; he isn’t working there anymore.”

“What? Why?”

“I heard he had an emergency. His wife doesn’t live with him; he left her at Sacramento, pregnant. I presume she’s going into labour today. Doctor Wyman will, most likely, be living there from now on.”

“But what about his office?”

“He must have called all of his other patients to cancel. I don’t know why he didn’t call you, though.”

“Oh, maybe it’s because I didn’t make the appointment. A co-worker did. It was my first appointment.”

“Then, perhaps, he called your co-worker,” Doctor Lecter concluded. “I am sorry you couldn’t attend to it. Perhaps you’d like to be redirected to another psychiatrist?”

Adam hummed, thoughtful. “I’m not so sure. I don’t know what I’m supposed to do in a therapy session. I didn’t have enough time to research it.”

“Then, I could offer you my assistance. I am also a psychiatrist. You could have your appointment with me, instead, and I could walk you through it.”

“I’m not sure I have enough money for it,” Adam muttered, looking away from the man’s cheekbones he had been staring at. “Harlan said I could use the help, to understand things I don’t, but Matt already explains them to me sometimes.”

Doctor Lecter gave him a kind smile. “There is no need for therapy, then. You merely need someone to explain life to you.”

“I understand life,” he muttered. “I just don’t understand people.”

“Then, let me help you understand them.”

“I said I don’t have the money, and I don’t want you to be like Beth,” he looked down to the table.

“Beth?”

“She used to help me understand,” Adam explained. “But then I kissed her, and she wanted me to tell her I loved her. So I did, but she still didn’t come with me when I moved here. I don’t know what I did wrong, but I don’t want to lose someone else over something I don’t understand again. Especially not someone I find attractive, like I found Beth. She wouldn’t explain it to me, though, why she didn’t come.”

“Are you still sad about her not coming?”

Adam shook his head. “No, I wasn’t sad; I was confused. I don’t like being confused, but most of the time, I am.”

“You are certainly a charming man,” Doctor Lecter told him, smiling. “There is no need for you to be confused. I assure you, I will explain anything you wish to understand.”

Adam sighed. “Do you find me attractive, too?” before the doctor could answer, he continued. “I have to ask because I can’t tell. I think you know what mind-blindness is, since you’re a psychiatrist, so you might understand why I’m asking.”

“Do you?”

Adam blinked twice, confused. He thought he had been obvious. “Yes.”

He saw Doctor Lecter get a phone out of an inner pocket in his coat. “May I have your number? I promise to call you when I’m free. I’m afraid I’ll have to leave quite soon.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

The doctor smiled. “I do, I’m afraid.”

Adam nodded. He gave him his phone number, and the doctor kissed his cheek before he left.

He had the odd sensation this wasn’t going to end well.

Nigel

Chapter Summary

Nigel thinks Will is perfect for him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nigel looked over to the couch in front of him, smiling at the sight, thinking *this could be good*.

The guy he'd met, Will, was about to fall asleep sitting, with two fingers of whisky still in his glass. It was about to fall to the ground.

He worried his lower lip between his teeth, debating between waking the man up by taking the glass or letting him be and just clean the mess after.

He figured the guy had to be tired. They had walked all fucking day, under a just slightly warm sun. Will had told him about his old position at Quantico; Nigel had been a bit shocked about that fact.

"I'm not FBI, though. I don't care if you're an actual criminal," he had added at Nigel's slightly worried look.

Will had told him about his house back at Wolf Trap, and about all the dogs he used to have. He said he just had two now; had started to collect strays again, but he was going slow.

The guy looked way too fucking much like Adam Raki, his neighbour back at California. He clenched his jaw, the memory making him feel bitter.

"Fuck," he heard the man mutter as he was brought to consciousness again. Will grunted, stretching his arms and back, his eyes squeezed shut.

"Your glass is gonna fall."

"What –" Will stood up all of a sudden, dropping his glass, the sound of it breaking waking him up completely. Nigel stood up at the same time, as Will's eyes shifted from the glass to his face. His hand went to his side, going for a gun that wasn't there. He saw the man desperately look for something in his pockets, feeling almost *nostalgic*.

"Hey, calm down," he said, raising his hands above his head as Will got a pocket knife out of his jacket and pointed at Nigel with it. "I'm unarmed," he said, smiling slightly, trying to make the man calm down. "I'm Nigel. You're at my place. Remember?"

When Will's defensive posture didn't change, Nigel sighed and gave a step forwards, making the man clutch the knife with an iron grip. He took him by the wrist and directed the hand away from his body, turning his wrist upwards so he would drop the knife.

When the man tried to kick him, he forced him back to the couch, straddling him, gripping both of his wrists and pressing them to the armrests.

"I'm not gonna fucking hurt you," he said, looking at Will's confused eyes. "Remember how you got here? We were walking, you got tired, and I drove you all the way here."

Will panted as he closed his eyes, frowning. "Y – Yeah," he muttered, voice trembling. "Fuck. Sorry, I–" he shook his head. "I thought you were someone else, for a second. Sorry."

Nigel chuckled. "Just as fucking paranoid as I am," he said. "Maybe I did find my chance with you."

Will smiled at him, awkwardly. "Can you… Can you stand up?"

"Oh," he laughed, backing away to his own seat. "You dropped your scotch," he motioned towards the broken glass.

"Yeah…" he saw the man scratching his neck, wincing. "Sorry, I'll clean it up."

"Let it be," he said. "I'll clean it later. You seem fucking tired. Why don't you rest?"

Will rubbed his eyes, a tired sigh escaping him. "I'm tired alright," he muttered, standing up. "I should go home."

"Why don't you stay here?" Nigel stopped him, a hand on the man's shoulder. He suddenly felt afraid the man would go and he'd never see him again. "It's really fucking late," he added, a half-smile on his face.

"What time is it?"

Nigel shrugged. "Lost my fucking phone on my way to meet you," he admitted. "So I don't know, probably past midnight."

"Fuck. How long were we out?"

"All fucking day," Nigel replied, walking away from the man to the bed in the middle of the room, falling over it like a dead weight. "Come."

Will chuckled, looking around the room before sitting at the edge of the bed. "I'm not gonna sleep with you, you know," he said, an awkward smile on his face. "Not right after the first date, anyway."

Nigel crossed his arms behind his head, looking intently at the other man. He was gorgeous. Even behind the stubble, Nigel could see he had the face of a fucking angel. He had the scars to prove he'd fallen from heaven, he thought, laughing. At Will's confused look, he just laughed harder.

“What’s so funny?”

“Who the fuck did that to you?” he asked, not able to stop himself. He knew it had to be a fucking hard subject for the guy, but he didn’t care; he wanted to know.

Hesitating for a second, Will crawled up to the bed, sitting next to Nigel. “I got kidnapped.”

“Well, fuck,” he chuckled. “How did you find your way out of that?”

“I didn’t,” he said, a sad look in his eyes. “Someone rescued me. He carried me fucking bride-style to my house.”

Nigel nodded, grinning. “The cannibal cunt?”

Will shrugged. “Something like that.”

“He kidnapped you?”

“No, he just wanted to cut my head open and eat my brains back in Florence,” Nigel couldn’t say whether he was joking or not. Will’s tone was too serious, but there was a hint of mockery in his voice. “Then some guy snatched us from there before he got to it. Well, the *Polizia* did, for that matter.”

“Sounds fucked up,” he replied, lowering an arm to put his hand on Will’s knee. “You were a fucking teacher, weren’t you? How the hell did you end up like that?”

Will closed his eyes, relaxing with a sigh. His hand went over Nigel’s, squeezing just a bit. “Wish I knew.”

Nigel nodded. By the time he wanted to ask something else, he heard Will’s soft snoring at his side. He smiled, straightening up to look at the sleeping man.

There was something about him… Nigel could tell the guy had had it hard, could tell he was probably used to the kind of violence Nigel himself used to stand everyday back at home. There was something else, though; something about the way he spoke and looked around him that told Nigel he wasn’t just some worn out guy.

Looking at the whisky stain on his floor, he couldn’t help but smile. The guy could very well have been someone Nigel would have befriended, were he the sort of person to do that. It just felt like they would fit too well to be true.

Nigel sighed, giving up on thinking about it. He closed his eyes and let his mind drift towards unconsciousness.

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A week later, things just seemed to be going better and better.

They were at Will’s farm, shooting beer cans just because they could. Just because no one could hear them in that god-forsaken place. Will’s aim sucked, but he still seemed to enjoy it,

two fingers of whisky in his glass, this time resting secure next to his feet. Nigel was sitting next to his standing figure, watching him shoot.

He couldn't help but think it was like some sort of alternative reality; he'd found someone just like his Adam, but that someone could keep up with his lifestyle. Although, if his aim didn't improve, he was going to get himself killed.

Nigel let out a laugh as Will aimed to the can and shot the floor instead. "Give me that," he said, standing up and snatching the gun from Will's hands. With a single hand holding the gun, he shot straight to the middle of the five cans, effectively making them fall from their stand at a piece of wood.

"Have a lot of experience shooting?" Will asked, grinning.

"You fucking bet," Nigel replied, handing the gun to Will. "You should really practice, darling. You're gonna get yourself killed if you think you can defend yourself with that fucking aim."

Will pursed his lips, looking at the gun in his hands. "I don't like guns that much."

"What? Why the fuck not? They're gorgeous," he snatched the gun from Will again, pointing it to the man's face, chuckling. "A good-old revolver is more my thing, but this one's nice too," he said, pointing the gun away from Will.

"They lack intimacy."

"The fuck do you want intimacy for?" he chuckled. "You're shooting a fucker. Last fucking thing I want is intimacy with the cunt I'm shooting."

Will considered his words, looking at him. There was a long pause before he talked again. "Do you enjoy killing?" he asked, brows furrowed.

Nigel wasn't so sure what he meant by that, or what he wanted to hear.

He shrugged. "Some cunts deserve it," he answered, sitting back down. Will mimicked him. "Can't say it doesn't feel good when I'm fucking pissed, but besides that," he clicked his tongue. "What about you, darling? You don't look like the type, if I'm honest."

"The type?" Will replied, tone mocking. "What do you mean by that?"

"You look like you'd be stressed out of your head to shoot someone. Have to give it to you, you probably would, but you wouldn't enjoy it."

"Wouldn't I?" he murmured, picking his glass up, downing the rest of the scotch. "I don't know. Wouldn't mind shooting a couple of assholes," he shrugged.

Nigel chuckled at that. "I wouldn't fucking mind either."

*

Later that day, between heated kisses, Nigel found himself thinking Will's skin was a little bit too rough. As his hands snaked under the man's shirt, he felt a scar crossing his stomach. He didn't say anything; just kept on kissing and biting the man, with the same roughness Will seemed to give back.

A dog barked at him, and Nigel laughed a little in the middle of the kiss, thinking this had to be heaven. It didn't seem like heaven, though, when the dog started biting his shoe.

"Fucking hell," he cursed, pulling away from Will, trying to shush the dog away. "Why does this one hate me so much?" he wondered, bending to make the dog let his shoe alone. He patted the dog's head lightly when it looked at him with the intention to keep on barking at him. "I don't mean harm; I just wanna fuck your owner," he heard Will laugh at that.

He straightened up when the dog tried to bite his finger off.

"Guess your dog wants me to leave you alone," he said, buttoning his shirt back up. "I'm not about to be fucking rude, so I'll keep the peace."

"You're leaving, then?"

"I almost don't want to," he laughed, drawing Will back to him to kiss him one last time. "But I gotta take care of something tonight, darling. Can't stay the night, sorry."

Will smiled against his lips. "Business?"

"No, but Darko fucking insists on talking to me," he sighed. "Don't know what that cunt wants, but it can't be anything good, coming from him."

"Darko?"

"I haven't told you much about that, huh?" he said, tone vague. "A… friend, back at Bucharest," he explained. "I thought I was free of his ass, but he fucking insists on haunting me all the way to Virginia."

Will laughed, sitting at the edge of the bed. "You better take his call, then."

"Will fucking do. Wanna go grab lunch tomorrow?"

"Sure."

He bent to kiss Will once more, before seeing himself out. "See you, then."

*

"Nigel, proscris," The fake tone of affection almost made Nigel throw up.

"The fuck do you want, Darko?"

He heard a chuckle at the other end of the line. *"Calm down, Nigel. This is a friendly call."*

“Friendly?” he mocked. “Is hell fucking freezing?”

"I’m not joking, proscris," the man said, tone dark. *"Adam."*

Nigel froze at the name.

"Adam Raki. The cute neighbour, yes?"

“How the fuck do you know about him? You cunt, I swear, if you fucking did something to him, I will fucking –“

"So he is important to you," Nigel didn’t add anything to Darko’s statement. *"You better take care of him, Nigel. That cute boy is in danger."*

Nigel felt rage rushing through his veins; he had to try hard not to kick the nightstand. “The fuck do you mean, Darko?”

"You left him alone, and now the Monster has him."

“Who?”

"The monster, Nigel. Remember the news, some years ago?" there was a pause before Darko continued. *"Like I said, this is a friendly call. Just letting you know that Il Mostro has your boy,"* the sudden silence at the other end of the line told him Darko had finished the call.

Il Mostro.

Damn if Nigel didn’t know that fucking monster.

Chapter End Notes

Darko called Nigel 'pariah' (proscris).

I almost felt too sad with that last call; I'm really starting to ship DogsDogs.

Thanks for reading!

Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is way too amused with everything.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal knew this wouldn't last long; if he didn't set his plan in motion soon, he would have to change back to his old plan and turn himself in. Truth is, he knew he could change Will's mind way sooner if he found a way to drag him back into his orbit.

Finding that sweet boy –Adam– had been quite the happy coincidence. He looked so much like Will, Hannibal couldn't help but think perhaps they were related. Plus, he was quite young, and innocent-looking. He looked like he imagined Will must have looked when he was younger.

This presented him with a unique opportunity; he got to interact with a naïve version of his Will. He still couldn't decide what he wanted to do with him, though; how far did he want to corrupt his innocence. Perhaps he wouldn't have time for that, though.

Will had to be taken care of, so Hannibal couldn't allow himself to indulge in this for too long.

His mind was following several different paths, trying to figure out the best course of action while he finished preparing this night's course. The doorbell rang right when he was done with the presentation. He smiled; it was exactly eight o'clock. This boy was punctual.

He took his white apron off and cleaned his hands, heading to the door. When he opened it, he was greeted by the blue-eyed boy, wearing a dark blue sweater that made his skin look paler. He looked exquisite, his big eyes shining like a couple of blue diamonds.

"Good evening, Adam," he greeted. "Please, come in."

"Hello, Doctor Lecter" the boy replied, smiling coyly. He walked in, his eyes fixed on the ground. Hannibal smiled, the avoidance of eye contact reminding him of a certain profiler.

"Dinner is ready," he said, walking Adam to the dining room. The walls were cobalt blue, reminiscent of his house back at Baltimore, although the wall garden was gone, replaced by a set of Tachi swords. Adam seemed interested in them. "Please, have a sit."

Adam nodded, and Hannibal perceived the boy was unsure as to where to sit. He walked back to the kitchen, leaving him to decide on his own. When he walked back into the dining room,

Adam had decided to sit at the left of the head of the table. Hannibal put a plate in front of Adam and the other one in the seat opposite to him.

"Poulet à la moutarde," he sat in front of the boy. “I must confess I do not usually cook chicken,” he said, smiling slightly at Adam’s sudden embarrassed look, “but I assure you that is not a problem. A challenge is always welcomed.” He gave him a reassuring smile, encouraging him to eat.

“I’m sorry, I just thought telling you about my eating habits would be a good idea before letting you invite me over for dinner,” Adam blinked a couple of times, looking at his plate. “I didn’t mean you had to cook chicken specifically.”

“It’s not a problem,” Hannibal repeated. “Please, enjoy it.”

Adam nodded, grabbing his fork with an iron grip, evidently nervous. He poked the chicken with it a couple of times before deciding to grab the knife too. His nervous expression shifted for a second to one of pleasure, clearly enjoying the food. Hannibal smiled before beginning to eat as well.

“I had never seen real swords before,” the boy commented, looking confusedly at the glass of wine in front of him. “Tachi swords, specifically.”

“I must say I’m surprised you know which kind of swords they are.”

“Swords are interesting,” Adam replied. “I know a lot more about space, but I also know about swords. Tachi swords are a type of traditionally made Japanese swords, worn by the samurai class of feudal Japan. The Tachi style of swords preceded the development of the katana. They can be distinguished from each other if signed by the location of the signature on the tang. In a Tachi sword, the signature, also called mei, faces outward when it’s worn on the samurai’s left waist. They’re also longer.”

“You are quite knowledgeable.”

Adam shrugged. “I saw a Japanese movie once, so I read a little about swords.”

“It certainly doesn’t seem like you read just a little.”

“But I did,” Adam frowned.

“I know you did,” Hannibal smiled, “But I meant to say you know quite a lot about the subject. It’s impressive.”

“Oh,” the boy blinked. “Thank you.”

Hannibal saw him fidgeting with his sleeves, still looking at his glass of wine. “You don’t like wine?”

Adam looked at him. Or rather, at the lower part of his face. “I don’t usually drink.”

“I could bring you something else, if you wish.”

“No, no. I, uh…” he took the glass, unsure. “Thank you, for – for inviting me over. For the wine, too. I don’t really know a lot about wine, but I’m sure you do.”

Hannibal nodded, taking his glass as well. “This particular one is a favourite of mine,” he said, scenting the wine, closing his eyes to fully appreciate its smell. “You can perceive the notes of caramel and black cherries, over the stronger smell of plum.”

Hannibal opened his eyes to see Adam trying to imitate him, closing his eyes with his nose almost glued to the glass. “I think I can smell the plums,” he said after a bit, opening his eyes. “My sense of smell isn’t really good, though.”

“Try tasting it, then,” Hannibal said, taking a sip himself. “You might find it easier that way.”

Adam nodded, taking a sip. He frowned, pensive. After a couple of seconds, he decided to take another sip, then another, until he had downed half the glass. He looked at it, embarrassed, setting it down.

“It tastes really good.”

Hannibal smiled softly at him. “Does it?”

“Not really,” the boy admitted, looking down at his hands. “It’s sweet, I guess. I’ve heard wine tastes really acidic, but this one is sweet. It’s still… Um…” he shrugged. “Hard. I don’t know. It’s still really bitter.”

“Wine is an acquired taste,” Hannibal said, taking another sip before setting his glass down as well. “It is comprehensible you don’t like it at first.”

“I think…” he muttered, his brows furrowed. He was looking at Hannibal’s glass like it had offended him. “I think I’m drunk.”

Hannibal couldn’t help but smile once more. *Adorable.*

“Then perhaps we should continue with dessert,” he got up, taking the almost empty dishes back to the kitchen. He came back just to re-fill Adam’s glass with more wine, amused by the boy’s reaction to it. He was curious whether he would decide to drink some more.

When he came back with dessert, Adam’s glass was empty. So was Hannibal’s. Amused, he sat in front of the young man, who looked confusedly at the plate in front of him.

“I’ve read alcohol makes it easier to socialize,” he said, slurring the words slightly. “I don’t know if it feels easier right now. I just feel…” he frowned, “good. I think.”

“Eat.”

Adam nodded enthusiastically, eating as though he hadn’t just eaten something else. He was finished within two minutes, nervously looking at Hannibal’s plate, which wasn’t even close to finished.

“It was really good, sorry.”

“Don’t worry. Do you want more?”

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m sorry I drank your wine.”

“It’s okay. I am curious, though,” he paused for a second, continuing only after Adam’s look was fixed on him. “Why did you?”

The boy bit his lower lip, fidgeting with his sleeves. “I – I got nervous.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know,” he answered, looking away. “I felt good, but suddenly I thought I could kiss you, so I figured it was because of the wine. I thought that if I made myself drunker, that thought would go away.”

Hannibal smiled, marvelled at the boy’s utter honesty. He wondered what would be the outcome of the night. “Did it go away, then?”

Adam bit his lip harder, making Hannibal think for a second he would draw blood. He looked back at Hannibal’s face, trying to make eye contact. His gaze kept shifting between Hannibal’s nose, lips, and eyes.

“No.”

“Do you want to do that?”

Adam looked down at his empty plate, his cheeks turning pink. Hannibal had wondered if that was possible; now that he saw it happening, he couldn’t look away. He wished to make the pink of the boy’s cheeks brighter.

“Yes,” he murmured. “But I’m afraid that if I do it, I’ll want more.”

Hannibal had to fist his hands not to lose his self-control. “You should never be afraid of what you wish for,” he said, dragging his chair back slightly. “I would encourage you to do as you wish, since I believe it’s the healthiest thing to do.”

Adam looked back at him, frowning. “Are you saying I can do it?”

Hannibal nodded. “If you wish so. I won’t stop you, but I also will not force you.”

The boy stood up, walking towards Hannibal. Hannibal saw him struggle for a moment, perhaps hoping he would stand up. He didn’t; he simply looked at the boy, arms at his sides, pushing his chair back just slightly. As he hoped, Adam noticed the motion. He seemed to understand immediately; Hannibal pushing his chair back, not standing up. He swallowed, the pink on his cheeks turning brighter.

“I –“ Adam tried to say, nervous. “I’ve never kissed a man before. I don’t know if it’s different.”

“Have you kissed anyone before?”

Adam bit his lip, hesitating for a second more before straddling Hannibal, his hands gripping the man's coat. He nodded, nervously looking at Hannibal's lips, still doubtful.

Hannibal wanted to kiss him already, but he decided he would wait until Adam started it. When he finally did it, Hannibal wondered if he had lied.

Their lips crashed in an awkward manner, Adam pressing his closed lips to Hannibal with the force of his nervousness. When Hannibal tried to raise a hand to Adam's hair, he pulled away.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, blushing furiously. "I told you I've kissed someone already, and I have, but I still don't know how to do it. I've had sex, too, but I suppose I wouldn't know how to do that, either, no matter how much I want to. I – I…"

"It's okay, calm down," Hannibal cupped the boy's cheeks, bringing him closer. He urged Adam to part his lips with a thumb in his chin, before leaning in and kissing him, softly. He took his time, his motions slow as he lowered a hand to hold him by his hips, his tongue caressing Adam's lower lip, asking. Adam sighed against Hannibal's mouth, relaxing, puling himself closer, his tongue shyly meeting Hannibal's.

Hannibal took his time exploring the insides of Adam's mouth, too, pulling away when the boy started to get more eager.

"You said you were drunk," Hannibal said, caressing the soft skin of Adam's face. "I will not do anything else while you're drunk."

"But I want to," Adam whined, rocking his hips eagerly, trying to pull Hannibal back to him, to kiss him. Hannibal pulled away again, trying not to react too evidently at the boy's motions. "Please."

He had to bite his lip hard not to give in. He realized, almost sadly, this boy in front of him could break too easily in his hands. He had to gather himself, to be in perfect control of himself if he ever wanted to indulge in this.

Did he even have the time for it?

"I must insist," he said, effortlessly lifting him up to get him away. He stood up before Adam tried anything else, cupping his cheek with one hand, his thumb caressing softly the skin there. "As much as I would like to, I can't do anything while you're in this state."

Adam blinked several times, his breath slowing down slightly. "I don't know if I should apologize."

"You musn't," Hannibal assured him, smiling. "I simply cannot take advantage of your current state, but I assure you that's it. I will drive you home now, if you allow me to."

Adam looked down at his hands, before nodding slowly. "Okay," he said.

*

Next morning, Hannibal woke up to a message.

‘I’m sorry about yesterday. Can we meet? I want to apologize.’

He considered saying it wasn’t necessary, but the opportunity of seeing Adam seemed too appealing not to take it.

‘Meet me at the café where we first met, in two hours.’

*

Hannibal noticed a couple of strange men on his way to the café. He had noticed a couple of similar-looking men before, the first time he had met the young man. Foreign, most likely. Dangerous, if their tattoos were anything to go by. Quite stupid too, since they didn’t know at all how to pretend they weren’t watching him.

He thought about telling Adam, so they could go somewhere safer, but a second thought stopped him. He entered the café, smiling slightly, thinking this could be fun.

This would be the last bit of fun he’d allow himself before fully focusing on Will.

Chapter End Notes

I feel bad for Adam; he deserves better than a manipulative dick. :(But I also find the idea of Hannibal debating himself about what to do amusing, so…

I’m so sorry it took so long! I will now update everything constantly, since all impediments are gone now. :)

I hope you enjoyed this, and thank you so much for reading! You can find me on Tumblr!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!